

## AT A WOOL AUCTION.

An Interesting Picture from the London Wool Exchange.

There is no more curious sight in the city than one of the wool auctions which are now being held every afternoon in the Wool Exchange, Coleman street. Imagine a large and lofty room, capable of holding about 500 people. Benches, in the form of a semi-circle, rise tier above tier, so that all the siters are plainly visible from the tribune or rostrum—an elevated desk at the bottom of the room. Every seat is numbered, and the highest number is 398. A narrow gallery provides accommodation for the few spectators. Five minutes before 4 nearly every seat is occupied, the demand for them exceeding the supply; and as the clock strikes the hour the auctioneer, or selling broker, takes his place in the tribune. He is a cool, self-possessed, good-looking man, with a keen eye, rosy cheeks, and hair parted in the middle. On either side of him sits a clerk—one bald and dark, and the other hirsute and blonde.

No time is lost in preliminaries; an eloquent wool auctioneer would be an intolerable nuisance, and this one is as sparing of words as a telegram from China. Every buyer before him is the busiest of men, and he has to sell 100,000 pounds sterling worth of wool before 6 o'clock. "Lot 219, ten bales," he says. Simple words, but the signal for the very tempest of excitement. From every part of the room come, as it were, scattered shots in quick succession—"eight, half, nine, ten, ten-half." Then up spring a dozen, or it may be a score, of eager, earnest men, who shout passionately at the top of their voices, and almost in chorus: "Ten-half, ten-half, ten-half, ten-half," until it almost seems as if the roof would split. Some stretch their arms toward the tribune, as if they were threatening a foe; others work them to and fro, as if they were engaged in mortal combat; others, again, raise them upward, as if they were appealing to heaven. They yell still more loudly; gesticulate still more wildly, some in their excitement bending forward until they nearly topple over on the seats below. It is a bear garden, a Babel, a scene of indescribable confusion, and to the uninitiated spectator it seems as if the frantic bidders were about to spring from their places and punch each other's heads.

But the auctioneer speaks one word, and the storm is stilled; every voice is hushed, every man resumes his seat. That word is "Tomkins." The lot has been knocked down to Tomkins. Without one word the selling broker goes on to the next lot, and then there is another startling roar, followed by an equally sudden collapse. The faces of some of the bidders are a study. One gentleman, with a bald head surrounded by a fringe of black hair, and features unmistakably French, gets so excited that you fear he may break a blood vessel or have a fit of apoplexy. His wide nostrils quiver, his swarthy face becomes dark red, he fights the air with his arms, and hurls bids at the auctioneer as if he would annihilate him.

Near the Gaul is a fair Teuton, stalwart and tall, shouting offers as if he were crying "Vorwärts!" in the smoke of battle and glaring at his competitors as if he would like to charge down upon them as the Uhlians charged down upon the French at Gravelotte and Sedan. Not far from the foreigners sits a gentleman whose cast of features and style of dress leave little doubt that he is a manufacturer of wood, or stapler, and hails from a northern country. To make his bid more effective he puts one hand to the side of his mouth and gesticulates with the other; but he needs no artificial aid, for he has a voice of thunder and shouts like a Boanerges.

But why all this noise? Why can not a wool auctioneer knock down his wares to the highest bidder, like any other auctioneer? There is the rub; the difficulty to "spot" the highest bidder. All the firms represented at the auction know to a fraction the value of every parcel they wish to acquire, and five, or ten, or a score, as the case may be, are willing buyers of a certain lot at, let us say 1 shilling a pound—more they can not afford to give. The rule is, when there are several bidders at the same price—and there generally are several bidders—to prefer the one who bids the first, which is practically the one who first succeeds in attracting the auctioneer's attention. In such a contest the feeble-voiced have no chance, and the loud shouters are the most likely to come out of it victorious. When the selling broker names the buyer who has caught his ear, all the rest subside like would-be orators in the House of Commons who fail to catch the Speaker's eye. The confidence in the auctioneer's impartiality seems to be absolute; he never loses his self-possession, and time is too precious to be wasted in wrangling.—*London Spectator*.

## The Indigent Widow and Her Piano.

A clerk in the counting-room of a prominent New York paper told me of an ingenious scheme, which I imagine has never been exposed. A respectably dressed and prosperous-looking woman came into the office as if she owned it, and was rather proud of the fact, slammed down an advertisement with the requisite change on the counter, and smiled affably upon the clerk.

### A Parson's Conscience.

Elder Phillips, who was a jovial soul, settled many years ago near the headwaters of the Susquehanna. He was, in fact, a Presbyterian domine. He was full of humor, and ready with his repartee on all occasions. Jack Rickitt, a quasi-parishioner, who was more punctual at the river than at church, presented the Elder one Monday morning with a fine string of picketed. Elder Phillips thanked him graciously for the gift.

"But, Elder," suggested Jack, still retaining the fish, "those were caught yesterday" (Sunday). "Perhaps your conscience won't let ye eat 'em."

"Jack," replied the Elder, stretching out his hand toward the string, "there's one thing I know: the picketed were not to blame."—*Harper's Magazine*.

A MAN might climb a telegraph pole and strain his eyes for a month in search of something gayer than a fancy-dress ball or a colored woman's head-dress, unless a young married man, with his first baby in the house, chanced to trip that way in his impetuous haste to reach a drug store.—*Ex.*

## EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by That Remarkable Statement of a Physician. The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat, created a deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days ago, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experiences and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them, and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could not sleep; and one morning the next, felt dull-headed and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned, or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels, indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body, or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, or disease, which were really fatal for and other various complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter, and think I am helping others to see the facts and the possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street. At first he was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly.

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '60 to '80, its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven, Folger, Colfax, and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked, and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"You think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you what it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. By the time he had finished, the audience suddenly changed; his color and countenance both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery: I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe, then, that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience; what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned from one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a druggist a man who will be dead within a year." I believe his words would have proved true if I had not provided aly used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

Dr. S. A. Latimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded to him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

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The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot; all appointments first-class.

H. W. Hoyt, Proprietor.

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